William Lowe

Esq.r 1730.

BRITISH
11 MR 99
MUSEUM

SEASONABLE REPROOF,

A

SATIRE,

In the MANNER of

HORACE

Amicus PLATO, *Amicus* SOCRATES, *ſed magis Amica* VERITAS.

To be continued occaſionally as a poetical PILLORY, *to execute Juſtice upon ſuch* VICES *and* FOLLIES, *as are either above the Reach, or without the Verge of the* LAWS.

LONDON:

Printed for L. GILLIVER, at *Homer's-head*, over-againſt St. *Dunſtan's* Church, in *Fleet-ſtreet.*

M DCC XXXV.

(*Price One Shilling.*)

To His GRACE

THE

DUKE of *ARGYLE*.

My LORD,

AS *the following* POEM *is an Introduction to ſome occaſional Satires, in the Manner of* Horace, *there is no Perſon it could be ſo properly addreſs'd to as your* GRACE, *who are the greateſt Maſter of that polite and elegant Author, and whoſe Name will give the moſt powerful Sanction to his Follower.*

I ſhall not trouble your GRACE *with offering any Thing in Vindication of theſe Kind of Writings in general, having taken Occaſion to do it in the* POEM *itſelf, by which I hope I have convinced every one that they have their Merit and Uſe. And indeed, to pull down the Reputation of Fools and Coxcombs, to pillory, as it were, Vice, and vicious Men in Effigie, to tear the Fig-leaf Veil from Lewdneſs, and ſtrip Malice and Envy of their plauſible Diſguiſes, are Things of ſo confeſs'd a good Tendency, that they cannot ſurely give Diſguſt to any but thoſe who are either ſtung, or fear being ſtung.*

It may be ſaid, perhaps, that I have taken Notice of ſome Characters beneath the Chaſtiſement of the Muſe; and that opening with an Attack upon ſuch a low Creature as an Opera Songſter, *is, literally, fighting with a Shadow; but your* GRACE *wants not to be informed, that this is entirely conformable to* Horace's *Practice, who enters upon moſt of his Performances in a merry Mood, and with Particulars, which promiſe nothing either ſerious or important; till having thus craftily engaged the Curioſity of his Reader, and quickened his Attention by applying to his Fancy, he inſenſi-*

his

bly ſlides to higher Subjects, and inſinuates the nobleſt Maxims and Morals.

If it be further objected, that the Imitator, in the following POEM *has left his Author too much, and only made uſe of ſome disjointed Hints from different Pieces, your* GRACE *knows, that there's a wide Difference between a* Tranſlator *and an* Imitator, *and that a Writer may be ſtrictly the laſt, without being indebted for a ſingle Sentence, or even Sentiment from the Author he follows; as 'tis very poſſible to erect a Building in the Taſte of* Inigo Jones, *without pulling down the* Banqueting-Houſe *for Materials.*

But now, my Lord, as 'tis of as manifeſt Service to the World to ſet up ſingular Vertues and Excellencies for Imitation, as to expoſe egregious Vices and Follies in terrorem, *I might here juſtly take Occaſion to attempt a Sketch of your* GRACE's *Character, and from thence ſtrongly to recommend the moſt ſhining Endowments that ever any one was diſtinguiſhed by: But, as I am writing to the only Perſon in the World who would not care to hear of them, I will reſiſt the high Temptation, and immediately conclude, to ſhew with how abſolute a Submiſſion I am,*

My LORD,

Your GRACE's Moſt Obedient,

And Moſt humble Servant.

Q. HORATII FLACCI.

SERMONES III. & IV. LIB. I.

OMNIBUS *hoc Vitium eſt* Cantoribus, *inter Amicos,*
Ut nunquam inducant Animum cantare rogati.
Sardus *habebat*
Ille TIGELLIUS *hoc.* CÆSAR *qui cogere poſſet*
Si peteret, per Amicitiam patris atque ſuam, non
Quidquam proficeret.

SEASONABLE

REPROOF from *HORACE.*

Imitated from the Third and Fourth of the Firſt Book of his SERMONS to the ROMANS.

ASK * *Fa-ro-li*, pleaſe your Grace, to ſing.
No, the cram'd Capon anſwers --- no ſuch Thi ng.
Shall I, who, being *leſs* than Man, am *more*;
Whom Beaux, Belles, Peers, and Senators adore;
For whoſe ſweet Pipe the City's ſo forſaken,
That, by *Exciſemen*, it might now be taken,
And great Sir *Bob* ride thro', and ſave his Bacon;
What! ſhall I ſing when *ask'd?* --- I'm no ſuch Elf:
Not I, by *Jove*, tho' ask'd by *G----e* himſelf.

* Any foreign Songſter.

SEASONABLE REPROOF from HORACE.

Imitated from the Third and Fourth of the First Book of his SERMONS to the ROMANS.

ASK * Ha-ro-ld, pleafe your Grace, to dine.
No, the cram'd Capon can't live—no fuch thing.
Then pig.
Shall I, who, being Lefs than Man, am more;
Than Beaux, Belles, Pecrs, and Senators adore;
For whole fweet Pipe the City's fo forfaken,
That, by Exciſe-men, it might now be taken;
And great Sir Bob ride thro', and fave his Bacon;
What! fhall I ſing when ask'd?—I'm no ſuch Elf:
Not I, by Jove, tho' ask'd by Ge—e himſelf.

Injuſſi nunquam deſiſtant.

B

* Any foreign Sovereign.

Yet, for that ſingle End the Worm was bred;
Yet, by that ſingle Means, both cloath'd and fed.
That * *Poitier* dance, if the whole Town ſhould chuſe,
The skipping Graſhopper will ſtraight refuſe,
Tho' that alone muſt furniſh him with Shoes.
But O! moſt juſtly *Heels* and *Throat* are nick'd;
For † *Poitier*'s pelted, ‖ *F-ro-li* kick'd.

Sleep, *Britain*, in thy State of Reprobation,
Thou mere *Milch-cow* to ev'ry foreign Nation.
Heaps upon *Heaps* thy Fair expire, alas!
Slain by the *Jaw-bone* of a warbling *Aſs*:
Whilſt Shoals of Locuſts, ſpawn'd in *Rome* or *France*,
Gelt for a Song, or *ſhrivel'd* for a Dance,
O'er thy dup'd Sons uſurp ſupreme Command,
And carry off the *Fat* of half the Land.

Such is the Vice of ſome, they make a Task
Of the leaſt Favour, that a Friend can ask;
Whilſt others, ten times more provoking, ſtill,
Oblige you cruelly *againſt* your *Will*.

If

* A certain *French* Dancer.
† A Matter of Fact.
‖ A Matter of Doubt, founded upon a current Report about Town; which, if not true, *I'm heartily ſorry for it*.

—— Si collibuiſſet, ab ovo
Uſque ad mala citaret, Io Bacche, modò ſummâ
Voce, modo hac, reſonat chordis quæ quatuor imâ.

If hymning *H--y C--y* once begin,
Where ſhall I fly from his eternal Din?
In vain I plead the Head-ach, or the Spleen;
(Bluſhing to ſhew ſo plainly what I mean.)
For, ſtop his Mouth, ſtill the ſuſpended Note,
Eager for Vent, lives quav'ring in his Throat.

Beg bluſt'ring *Aaron* to recite no more;
Aaron ſtraight ſteps between you and the Door,
Then mouths the ſame coarſe Fuſtian o'er and o'er.
Verſe behind Verſe the fatal Entrance keep,
Whilſt, in their Wombs, ten Thouſand *Nothings* ſleep.

Others again, and thoſe not few, you'll find,
To both *Extremes*, alternately inclin'd.
Mortals, who're curſt with Tempers ſo *unev'n*,
They're always *under* Ground, or *above* Heav'n;
Now they are *this*, now *that*, and juſt now *t'other*,
And not one Hour, *in conduct*'s like another.

F----g, who *yeſterday* appear'd ſo rough,
Clad in *coarſe Frize*, and plaiſter'd down with *Snuff*.

------ *Sæpe velut qui*
Currebat, *fugiens Hoſtem, perſæpe velut qui*
Junonis ſacra ferret. *Habebat ſæpe* ducentos,
Sæpe decem Servos. *Modo* Reges, *atque* Tetrarchas,
Omnia magna loquens.

See how his *Inſtant* gaudy Trappings ſhine;
What *Play-houſe* Bard was ever ſeen ſo fine!
But this, not from his *Humour* flows, you'll ſay,
But mere *Neceſſity*; --- for laſt Night lay
In *Pawn*, the *Velvet* which he wears to Day.
Perhaps ſo.---But his *Grace* would ſcorn that Plea;
Yet there as ſtrange *Diſparity* you ſee.
At *Morn, in Valet*'s Guiſe, he ſcours the Park,
Known from his *Valet* by this only *Mark*;
That *Tom* will give his Betters *Way*---his *Grace*
Runs his protub'rant Noſe full in your Face.
At *Noon*, diſtinguiſhed by the *String* and *Star*,
Lolling in drowſy Pomp, he's known from far,
Whilſt *Slaves* by *Dozens* load his gilded Car.
Plac'd in the Senate, with a *Peer-like* Pride,
Stares round, takes Snuff, and cries--P-x, let's divide.
For why? His *Grace* ſhou'd *ſerve* his *Country* ſure,
Before he joins his *Sharpers*, or his *Whore*.

Yet more; ---This *Impar-ſibi* you will find
Amongſt the *beſt*, and *nobleſt* of the Kind.

Tho'

—— Noctes vigilabit ad ipſum

Mane: *Diem totam ſtertebat: Nil fuit unquam*

Tho' Reaſon's Lord, ſome ruling Paſſion's Tool;
The *wiſeſt* Man, in ſome Things, is a *Fool.*
DECIUS, adorn'd with all that's Great and Good,
No *Peer* in *Genius*, tho' a *Peer* by *Blood*;
Whom Heav'n has condeſcended to afford
Ten Talents more than *uſual* to a *Lord.*
Wit, which is ſtrange! with *Senſe* and *Candor* join'd,
Taſte unaffected, *Knowledge* unconfin'd;
Politeneſs to *Sincerity* allied,
And *Frankneſs* guarded by a gen'rous Pride;
A Breaſt, where all the ſocial Vertues reign,
A Tongue that knows no Guile, a Hand no Stain:
Equal to ſhine in Honour's nobleſt Part,
A comprehenſive Head, and manly Heart:
Thus, with each Grace of Art and Nature bleſs'd,
Hail'd by the Great, and by the Wiſe careſs'd:
Alas! Deluded by one *darling Vice*,
His Life's whole Buſ'neſs is a *Box* and *Dice*:
To hold *three Hands in*, is his higheſt Aim,
Nor would, to ſave his Country, leave his Game:
The Sharper's Bleſſing, and the Rook's rich Prey,
He games, O ſhameful Vigils! Night away,
Then damns the Dice, and ſnores it all the Day.
Good Heav'ns! Did Talents ere thus diſagree?
Or Man thus *differ* from *himſelf*, as *He?*
" But hold, Sir, have you then no Fault?" *ſays one*
Yes, Sir, — But you and I o'erlook our own;

Were all oblig'd to *practiſe* what they *teach*,
Some warm ſleek *Clerks* would ſtill *more ſeldom* preach.
Stall-fed TARTUFF reclining in his Seat,
High heap'd his Board, himſelf brimfull of Meat,
Yawning, with Pain thus ſleepy Silence broke,
And to his *meagre Curates* ſagely ſpoke;
" My loving Brethren, we ſhould reſt content
" With the ſmall Pittance gracious Heav'n has ſent:
" 'Tis better *much* to *want*, than *much abound*;
" *Hunger* and *Thirſt* hereafter will be crown'd.
" If we've *Prunella*, which will hang together,
" Like the good *Baptiſt*, girt about with Leather;
" And *Bread* and *Water*, we ſhould ne'er complain:
" Here, *John*, give *me* a---BUMPER of CHAMPAGNE."
But Heav'n forbid, you'll ſay, thoſe Men ſhould be
Stamp'd for the *Standard* of *Humanity*:
Who, with an Eagle's penetrating Ken,
And all the Serpent Venom of a *V---n*,
A Brother's *Mote* will labour to deſcry,
Blind to the *Beam* in their own evil Eye.

No,

Ver. 92. *Sic impar ſibi*
93. *Nunc aliquis dicat mihi:* Quid tu
Nullane habes Vitia? *Imo alia, haud fortaſſe minora*
94. Egomet mi ignoſco
100. *Modo ſit mihi menſa tripes et*
Concha ſalis puri, et toga qua defendere frigus
Quamvis craſſa queat. Decies centena dediſſes,
Huic parco paucis contento quinque diebus
Nil erat in Loculis.
109. *Cum* tua *pervideas oculis* mala *lippus inunctis,*
Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum
Quam aut Aquila, *aut* Serpens Epidaurius? ——
Stultus et improbus hic amor eſt, dignuſque Notari

No, that's a partial, baſe, malicious View,
For which fair Satire's keeneſt Scourge is due.
Suppoſe good *R--dle*'s ſocial and ſincere,
Void of the quaint *Grimace*, the guileful *Sneer* ;
The *Pride* of Mind, with *Lowlineſs* profeſs'd,
The Sanctity of *Brow* inſtead of *Breaſt:*
The *Spite* at *Heart* with *Smiles* upon the *Face*,
The *Want* of *Morals*, with the *Boaſt* of *Grace.*
Void of the double *Tongue*, and double *Jole*,
Th' extended *Paunch* and Narrowneſs of *Soul:*
The Cant, the Cringe, the gloomy Buckram Air,
And all the *powerleſs Forms* which theſe Men wear:
Suppoſe he ſerves his Friend, forgives his Foe,
Which thoſe ſmooth *Phariſees* would *bluſh* to do;
And ſuch juſt *Hoſpitality* preſerves,
That while *he feaſts*, not any *good Man ſtarves* :
Like his *great Patron*, gen'rouſly inclin'd
To mend, redreſs, and dignify his Kind ;
Shall he, for this, be judg'd *unfit* to bear
The awful *Croſier*, or the *Mitre* wear.
No, tho' our *rigid Bench* denies him Place,
Hibernia gladly will the Gift embrace :
Happy *Hibernia!* † ſtill appointed Heir
To all thoſe *dangerous Vertues* which we fear;

Whilſt

117. *Iracundior eſt paulo:* Minis aptus acutis
Naribus horum Hominum———

†*Happy Hibernia.*] It has been a ſtanding Practice, Time immemorial, that when

Whilſt thou, *falſe Siſter!* pour'ſt on us the While
All the *Macrays* and *Gafneys* * of thy Iſle.
" Why on our *Bench*, *you'll cry*, this general Sneer,
" Have we no *ſhining Lights* to guide us here?"
Yes, *Sh—k*, *H—e* for noble Talents fam'd,
And Hoary *H---h*, with Rev'rence ever nam'd:
Se—r with *Force* of *Senſe* and *Virtue* arm'd,
Who with his *Life* or *Doctrine* but is charm'd?
Lo upright *Ho—y!* lov'd by all, but thoſe
Who're Vertue's, Wiſdom's, Truth's, and *R---e's Foes.*
Sure of their Hate, ſince not ſo *Blind*, as they
For *Owls* and *Batts* abhor the *Bird* of Day:
What! own the *Reaſon* which God gave Mankind,
Was giv'n to prove God's Word, diſcern God's Mind.
That all true *Faith* is not on *Ign'rance* built,
Nor *Thinking*, in Heav'ns Sight, held mortal *Guilt*;
That common *Senſe* with Chriſtian *Rites* may join,
And *Morals* not prophane a ſound *Divine*;
That *Creeds* can never alter *Wrong* to *Right*,
Nor *Orthodoxy* * waſh an *Æthiop* white:
What!

when any great Man, either in Church or State, has appear'd with extraordinary Talents and Qualifications, and been obſtinate enough to inſiſt on the keeping and making uſe of them himſelf, to beſtow ſome *Iriſh* Preferment on him, which they emphatically ſtile, *ſending him out of the Way*.

* *Macray* and *Gafney*.] Two notorious Villains, eminent for Felony, Perjury, and all Kinds of Wickedneſs, they both grac'd the Gallows in the Year 1735.

† *Orthodoxy*.] This Word is ſeldom or ever made uſe of to ſignify *right Opinion* or *true Faith*, as from its Etymology it might be judg'd to do, but rather *Synod Faith*, *hereditary Faith*, *faſhionable Faith*, *&c.* and thus it is here to be underſtood. That ſuch is the common Signification of the Term, is affirmed and lamented by a great and learned Writer of our Church,

What! preach *Chriſt's Kingdom* is not here *below*,
But far, far off, where they muſt never go!
Write *Tartuff*, *V—n* inform, rail *W—r*, rail,
Your *Craft*'s in Danger if ſuch *Truths* prevail.
What! make Integrity the Teſt, — and next,
His Life a ſtanding Sermon on his Text;
From *vulgar*, vain *Punctillio's* to depart,
Yet prove a *rigid Chriſtian* at the Heart;
No Hands extended, nor no Eyes that roll,
Yet off'ring the pure *Incence* of the *Soul*;
Whilſt ne'er thro' *Craft* from Truth's fair Cauſe he ſhrinks,
But when he writes, *writes* always what he *thinks*;
With *Parts* ſo great, that *Learning*'s Aid ſeem'd vain,
Yet crown'd *ſupreme* of *Hermes'* letter'd Train:
To be polite, as good, humane, as wiſe,
Whilſt *Charity* ſits *ſmiling* in his Eyes:
To frown on Vice, tho' ne'er ſo high or gay,
And ſtill ſend naked Merit cloath'd away:
To deal in Honour, Juſtice, Probity,
And all thoſe *Heath'niſh Vertues* which they fly.

Church, in his Diſcourſe of *Difficulties* and *Diſcouragements*; where he tells us, that a *profound and laborious Study* of the *Scriptures*, won't make a Man at all more *orthodox*, but that 'tis a much *ſafer* and more *compendious* Way to *Orthodoxy*, to ſtudy the *Traditions of the Church*; which Kind of *Orthodoxy*, he ſays, will cover a *Multitude of Sins*, but a *Cloud of Virtues* cannot cover the want of the minuteſt Particle of *Orthodoxy*. *Vide* Diffic. and Diſc. *Pag.* 8, 9, 10, 11, 16, 20.

Write *Tartuff*, *V----n* inform, rail *W----r*, rail,
Your *Lives* muſt ſtink, if *Deeds* like theſe prevail.
Thus in *State Conteſts*, as in *Church*, we ſee
The ſame nice Juſtice and Humanity:
Where Men are damn'd or ſav'd for *Forms*, not *Fact*,
For how they're *dreſs'd* or *ſhap'd*, not how they act:
Where round thick Shoulders, or a *Coat* cut ill,
Spoil all the Stateſman's Honour, Faith and Skill:
Ribbands muſt rank Corruption ſtraight impart,
And the *gilt Star* betray a grov'ling Heart;
The *garter'd Knee* muſt needs to *Baal* bend,
And who *in Place* can be his Country's Friend?
Strange that a diff'rent Eye-brow, Air or Mien,
Hoſe roll'd, or unroll'd, dirty Nails or clean;
Should make falſe Courtiers, Patriots moſt ſincere,
A blund'ring *Marr-all*, or a deep *State-ſeer*:
Or that in each falſe Step, each ill-judg'd Aim,
Some poor *unwitting Taylor* ſhares the Blame!
† What tho' ſage *Horace* can't be call'd a *Beau*;
What tho' his Shoes no Diamond Buckles know;

Shall

197. *Rideri poſſit, eo quod*
Ruſticius *tonſo* toga defluit, *et male laxus*
In pede Calceus *heret*———

† Several eminent Criticks have affirmed that this was *Horace*'s own Character.

Tho' *coated* in a Taſte uncouth, and *breech'd*
With *Trowſers* often calling to be *hitch'd*;
Shall he, for this, on Satire's *Wheel* be *broke*;
Or made the Courtier's Gibe, and Coxcomb's Joke?
No; tho' he wants the poliſh'd Trim, and Grace,
The *ſupple* Knee, and *promiſory* Face:
Still he is Maſter of a *noble* Heart,
Prepar'd to act the friendly, gen'rous Part;
And tho' the *Caſe* be ſomething odd and *drole*,
It holds an able, manly, honeſt *Soul*.
Search, ſearch your own falſe Hearts, read them with Care,
And mark what heavier Crimes are written there.
For thou who dar'ſt to wrong another's Fame,
Howe're ſo great and dignify'd thy Name,
The Muſe ſhall drag thee forth to publick Shame;
Pluck the *fair Feathers* from thy * *Swan-skin* Heart,
And ſhew thee black and ranc'rous as thou art.

True

203. *At eſt bonus, ut melior vir.*
Non alius quiſquam: At tibi amicus: Ingenium ingens
Inculto *latet* hoc *ſub* Corpore.———
209. *denique* Teipſum
Concute, *num qua tibi Vitiorum inſeverit olim*
Natura
211. Tibi contra
Evenit, *inquirant* Vitia *ut* tua *rurſus et illi.*

* *Swan-skin Heart.*] A Swan is remarkable for having a black coarſe Skin under his fair ſmooth Feathers.

Illuc prævertamur, amatorem quod amicæ
Turpia decipiunt cæcum Vitia, aut etiam ipſa hæc
Delectant; veluti Balbinum polypus Agnæ.
At, pater ut gnati, ſic nos debemus amici,
Siquod ſit Vitium, non faſtidire: Strabonem
Appellat pætum pater; & pullum malè parvus
Si cui filius eſt; ut abortivus fuit olim
Siſyphus: hunc, Varum, diſtortis cruribus; illum
Balbutit Scaurum, *pravis fultum malè talis.*
Vellem in amicitia ſic erraremus; & iſti
Errori nomen Virtus poſuiſſet honeſtum.
Parcis hic vivit? frugi dicatur. Ineptus
Et jactantior hic paulò eſt? concinnus amicis
Poſtulat ut videatur. At eſt truculentior, atque
Plus æquo liber? ſimplex, fortiſque habeatur,
Caldior eſt? acres inter numeretur.-----

True Lovers, in their fav'rite charming *She*,
Can *find* no *Faults*, or *love* thoſe *Faults* they ſee.
Clodio no Stain in his lewd Wife can ſpy;
And *Rubia*'s *purple Noſe* charms *Bubo*'s Eye.
Fond Parents, partial to their darling Son,
Or hide his Faults, or point 'em out as none.
Mark how his Grace chucks up his *ſquint-ey'd* Boy,
And cries, *'Tis mighty pretty in my Joy:*
While Maſter's *bandy Legs* Sir *William* ſhows,
And *Liſping*, cries---The Boy *turns in* his *Toes*.
Oh, that theſe Errors, if they Errors be,
Reign'd in our Friendſhip, oftner than we ſee!
One Friend is cloſe, perhaps,---that Prudence call;
Another's vain, and brags,---that's Frankneſs all:
One's proud and haughty,---he'll be no Man's Slave;
Another ſtruts and bluſters,---he is Brave.
Doth *Socius* drink his *Gallon* of Champaine?
Why *Socius* loves his Friend, and is humane.
Or is Sir *John* with *Celia* caught in Bed?
He's *young* and *gay*; that's all that can be ſaid.

------ *Opinor,*
Hæc Res & jungit, junctos & ſervat amicos.

Nam, ut ferulâ *cædas* meritum majora *ſubire*
Verbera, *non vereor* ;
At nos Virtutes ipſas invertimus, atque
Sincerum cupimus Vas incruſtare.

---- *Probus quis*
Nobiſcum vivit ? Multum eſt demiſſus homo : illi
Tardo, cognomen pingui damus. Hic fugit omnes
Inſidias, nullique malo latus obdit apertum,
Cum Genus hoc inter Vitæ verſetur, ubi acris
Invidia, atque vigent ubi crimina : pro bene ſano
Ac non incauto, fictum aſtutumque vocamus.

------ *Eheu*
Quam temere in noſmet legem ſancimus iniquam!
Nam Vitiis nemo ſine naſcitur ; *Optimus ille eſt,*
Qui minimis urgetur.----
Qui ne tuberibus propriis *offendat amicum*
Poſtulat ; ignoſcat Verrucis illius :

At leaſt be *ſilent*, where you can't commend;
This, this will purchaſe, and preſerve a Friend.

But few, in this cenſorious Age, we find,
To too much Candor viciouſly inclin'd:
For many toil, ev'n faireſt Fame to ſpot,
With *If-ſo*, *But*, *Perhaps*, and *May-be-not*:
By *Slight* of *Wink*, and *Shrug*, they'll in a Trice
Juggle Men's very *Virtues* into *Vice*.

Is any modeſt? He's a mean-ſoul'd Tool:
Good-natur'd, honeſt Man ſtill ſtands for Fool.
Cloſeneſs is Craft, Sincerity Ill-breeding,
And Charity a very ſtrange Proceeding.
Religion, Pſha! 'tis nothing but mere Cant;
Simple, blunt Honour; --why, 'tis all a Rant.

What Rules, alas! we fix, what raſh Decrees,
Injurious to our own, and Neighbour's Eaſe!
We *all* our *Frailties* ſhare; and he's the beſt,
Moſt happy he, who's loaded with the leaſt.
Thoſe then, who would not have their *Sores* offend,
Ought not to fret the *Pimples* of a Friend:

Æquum eſt
Peccatis Veniam poſcentem reddere rurſus.

Lædere gaudes,
Inquis, & hoc ſtudio pravus facis.---Unde petitum
Hoc in me jacis? Eſt auctor quis denique eorum,
Vixi cum quibus?

—Abſentem qui rodit amicum;
Qui non defendit, *alio culpante; ſolutos*
Qui captat riſus hominum, famamque dicacis;
Fingere qui non viſa poteſt, commiſſa tacere
Qui nequit; hic Niger eſt, *hunc tu. Romane, caveto.*

—— Quod vitium *procul abſore* Chartis,

And, ſurely, 'tis but juſt, that he, who'd claim
A candid Cov'ring where he proves to blame,
Should to an erring Neighbour grant the ſame.
This is my greateſt Boaſt, this.---Ay, ſay you,
This is *Haranguing* very fine, 'tis true;
But, Sir, your *Writings* ---Well, Sir, what of them?
They're *guilty* of the *Crime*, which you condemn.
Each Page is blotted with ſome injur'd Name;
Each Line's deſtructive of ſome Neighbour's Fame.
Whence this black Charge on me? Who know me beſt,
Know 'tis a Crime, I from my Soul deteſt.
The Man, who loves to *wound* an abſent Friend,
Or, *wounded*, cares not, dares not to defend:
Who ne'er would ſtifle an injurious Joke,
To gain a Laugh regardleſs what he ſpoke:
Who ſweats to ſpread forg'd Scandal thro' the Town,
And baſely whiſpers Reputations down:
Who, what he never ſaw, proclaims for true;
And vends for Secrets what he never knew;
That, that's the Wretch, to whom the Cenſure's due.
But, have I acted ſuch a brutiſh Part?
No; 'tis not in my *Writings*, or my *Heart*:

Atque animo prius; *ut ſi quid promitttere de me*
Poſſum aliud, verè prouitto.

---- Liberius ſi
Dixero quid, *ſi forte* jocoſius, *hoc mihi juris*
Cum Venia dabis.

--- *Inſuevit*, pater optimus *hoc me*,
Ut fugerem, exemplis Vitiorum quæque notando.

Cùm me hortaretur, parcè, frugaliter, *atque*
Viverem uti contentus eo, quod mi ipſe paraſſet:
Nonne vides, Albî *ut* malè vivat Filius, *utque*
Barrus inops? Magnum Documentum, ne patriam Rem
Perdere quis velit.

Here, Sir, you'll find, if you'll be pleas'd to read,
None, but the *Vicious*, in my Verſes *bleed*:
Neighbour, or Stranger, Friend, or Foe's alike;
Not at the *Man*, but at the *Vice* I ſtrike.
I call none Friends, whom Vice and Folly ſtain;
I call none Foes, where Truth and Wiſdom reign.
What tho' ſome Lines are with more Freedom writ;
Some hum'rous Scenes are drawn, which chance to hit
A fopling Courtier, or a knaviſh Cit?
Am I, *ARGILE*, am I for this to blame?
No, 'tis a *Britiſh* Right I ſtill ſhall claim.

'Twas thus my good old Sire, to whom I owe
What beſt I practiſe, and what beſt I know;
'Twas thus he labour'd to direct my Will,
Point me to Good, or turn me back from Ill:
Plac'd branded Knaves, or Fools, before my Eyes,
And bid me mark their Errors, and be wiſe.
When ſtudious to inculcate *frugal* Care,
" Obſerve, *ſaid he*, *Pigmalion*'s ſpend-thrift Heir,
" By Harlots, Dice, and Luxury undone,
" Now *till* for *Hire*, thoſe *Lands* which were *his own*.

" Beware

A turpi meretricis amore
Cùm deterreret : Sectani diſſimilis ſis.
Ne ſequerer Mœchas, *conceſsâ cùm Venere uti*
Poſſem: deprenſi *non bella eſt Fama* Treboni,
Aiebat.——

—— *Sic* me
Formabat Puerum *dictis: & ſive* jubebat
Ut facerem quid, *Habes auctorem, quo facias hoc ;*

Unum ex JUDICIBUS SELECTIS objiciebat:
Sive vetabat, An hoc inhoneſtum, & inutile factu,
Necne ſit, addubites, *flagret* rumore malo *cùm*
Hic *atque* ille?

" Beware the *wily Proſtitute*, he'd cry,
" Leſt you like *O---w* live, like *H--t* die:
" Nor let *adult'rous* Joys thy Soul defile,
" Lo! *Ly--l* baniſh'd from his native Iſle."

'Twas thus the watchful Parent taught the Son,
To dread thoſe Crimes which others had undone.
Then urg'd,---- " To conſecrate whate'er you do,
" Have ſome illuſtrious Pattern ſtill in View,
" Some ſhining, worthy, Worth-approving Man;
" *Him* follow, copy *him* in all you can:
" Great YORK, with Juſtice rob'd, and Honour, ſee;
" TALBOT with Wiſdom, and Integrity.
" Nor can you doubt *what Actions* merit *Blame*,
" When ſhrill-tongu'd *Rumour* founds each *Culprit's*
" Shame.
" Who, but a *B---t*, a *W---d*, a *Th--pſ--n* hate;
" Or who e'er pity'd wretched *W--rt--n's* Fate?
" Who does not ſcorn a fibbing, chattering *G.*
" Or who, but muſt deteſt corrupted *P.*?

— Avidos *vicinum fumis ut* ægros
Exanimat, mortiſque metu ſibi parcere *cogit*:

Sic teneros animos aliena opprobria *ſæpe*
Abſterrent vitiis.

FINIS.

As when old *Helluo*, who but liv'd to *eat*,
Fell a ſad *Victim* to a City Treat,
His Brother-Brutes, with *Cheney*, damn'd all *Meat*:
So *brand* the Wretch, whom *flagrant Crimes* debaſe,
And each *taught Youth* will *ſhun* the dire Diſgrace.

F I N I S.